

CARRIE LEE.

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They made her a grave in the wild-wood shade,
Where the trees gently wave in their bloom,
Where the wild birds sing and the soft summer breeze
Wafts its melodies o'er her tomb:
'Tis there little Carrie lies sleeping in death,
The pride of the village was she:
And there many friends in their gloom sadly wept,
O'er the grave of our own Carrie Lee.

Then sleep, let her sleep in the grave they have made,
From the cares of the world she is free:—
Then weep, let us weep, while the tall willows wave
O'er the grave of our own Carrie Lee.

They made her a grave in the wild-wood shade,
Where the violets were blooming green;
Where naught is now heard but the warbling of birds,
And the noise of the babbling stream.
No more her sweet voice shall re-echo,
No more her bright smile can we see;
All hushed now in death, she has gone to her rest—
In heaven dwells our own Carrie Lee.

Then sleep, let her sleep in the grave they have made,
From the cares of the world she is free:
Then weep, let us weep, while the tall willows wave,
O'er the grave of our own Carrie Lee.

